MARVEL
004
GILLEN
WALKER
DEERING
FABELA
STAR WARS
DOCTOR APHRA

APHRA

Book I, Part IV

It is a period of opportunity. In a galaxy oppressed by Imperial cruelty, there is little hope for the future. But for those operating on the fringes there is potential for profit.

Rogue archaeologist Aphra is back to retrieving rare artifacts while teamed with a pair of homicidal droids and Wookiee bounty hunter Black Krrsantan. Aphra's plans are suspended, however, when her estranged father gets her doctorate revoked as a method of blackmailing her to join his search for the mysterious Ordu Aspectu.

Now, Aphra and her father are on an isolated moon swarming with stormtroopers when they stumble upon an ancient temple. But when they unlock its secrets they only have mere seconds to escape Imperial notice....

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YAVIN 4.
HMPH.

THE HAIRY BEAST IS A DISTRACTION.
DISENGAGE AND RALLY AT THE GREAT TEMPLE. AND...
AND WHAT?
CAPTAIN?
THERE.
GET THEM.

I'M NOT STARING. I WAS STARING EARLIER AT THE UNCOVERED WONDER. NOW I'M GATHERING READINGS.
...I WAS EXPECTING IT TO BE SMALLER...
I PRESUMED THE SCALE OF THE DEVICE IN MY RESEARCH WAS A TRANSLATION ERROR.
SEEMINGLY NOT.
ENOUGH STARING, DAD.
WE HAVE TO GO.
AND... COMPLETE.
BEETEE, TELL KRRSANTAN WE'RE LEAVING. GET THE ARK ANGEL READY.
HOW LONG DO WE HAVE?
DEPENDS HOW COMPETENT THE OFFICERS ARE.
WITH LUCK WE SHOULD HAVE ANOTHER MINUTE BEFORE WE RUN INTO ANY--
BLEEEP!

OOF.
KRUMTCH
THE OTHER WAY!
THE CRYSTALS! I NEED--
--NOT TO BE SHOT BY A BLASTER.
BDOWM
BEETEE, SLOW THEM DOWN!
BLEEEP!
BDOWCH

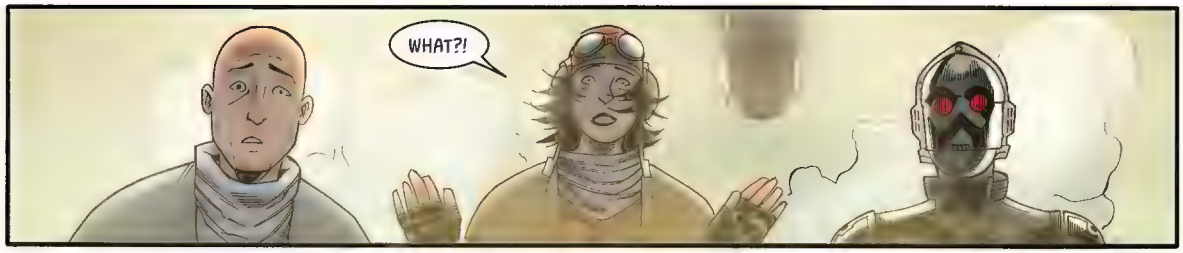
CAPTAIN TOLVAN! THEY'RE RUNNING!
THEY'VE LEFT SOME CRYSTALS, I--
CHUMF
CHUMF
BiP
BiP
BiP
BiP
BiP
BiP
BiP
BiP
BAWOOM
BLEEP!
YES, I AGREE.
BEING DEAD SHOULD SLOW THEM DOWN.

THIS ISN'T THE WAY WE CAME IN!
THAT'S THE WAY THEY'LL BE COMING...
WE'LL TRY THE MAIN HALL...
OH...
NEAT.

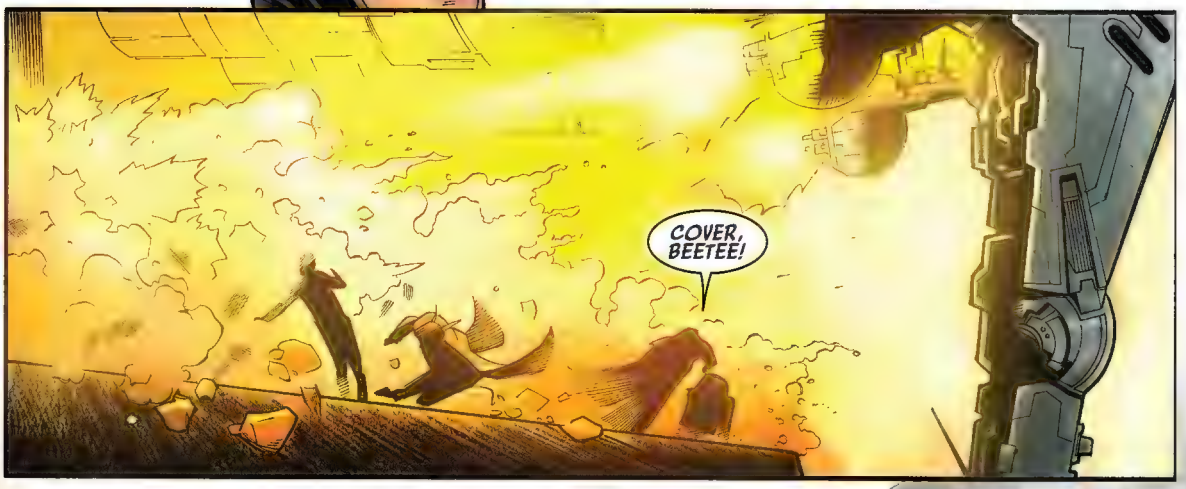
THERE THEY ARE!
RUN!
EASIER SAID THAN DONE, MASTER!
DON'T LEAVE ME BEHIND, YOU RUSTBUCKET!
CHAK
KLIK
BLEEEP!
SNAK
SNAK
WHY, THANK YOU.
SPRINTING IS UNDIGNIFIED. I'M BUILT FOR THE FINER THINGS IN LIFE, LIKE HOLO-CHESS AND PEELING SKIN FROM FLESH.

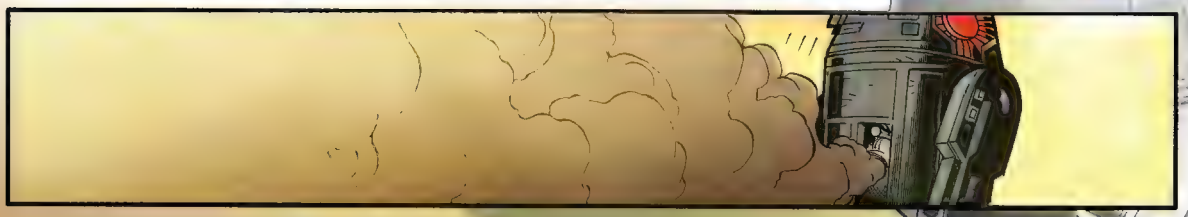
OKAY, FIND A WAY DOWN FROM HERE AND THEN WE'LL...
OH.
IN CASE YOU EVER WONDERED WHAT MY JOB WAS ACTUALLY LIKE...
...WELL, NOW YOU KNOW.

LOWER YOUR WEAPONS. THIS AREA IS UNDER STRICT IMPERIAL CONTROL.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
DON'T WORRY.
I CAN HANDLE THIS.
UH...
WE'RE... LOST?
OPEN FIRE!


WHAT?!

OH.


COVER, BEETEE!



GO! GO!

GET US OUT OF...
...HERE.
YOU KNOW, SOMETIMES...

...I HATE MY JOB.
I ONLY SAY THIS BECAUSE I LOVE YOU...
...BUT IF YOU HAD STAYED AWAY FROM THE FIELDWORK, YOU'D BE ON THE TENURE TRACK BY NOW.

GGGRRRRHHHH!
YEAH, YEAH. JUST ADD IT TO MY TAB.
GET US OUT OF HERE, KRRSANTAN!
HMPH.

WE'RE CLEAR.
WHERE NEXT, DAD?
I...THOUGHT YOU'D WANT TO TALK. OR SHOUT AT ME.
OUR HISTORY. MY MISTAKES. YOU WITH DARTH VADER. I...
I DON'T WANT TO TALK NOW.
I WANT TO JUMP THROUGH WHATEVER THE NEXT HOOP IS TO FIND YOUR ORDU.
NO HOOPS.
THESE SHOULD BE THE COORDINATES FOR THE CITADEL OF RUR.
OR... NOT.
LET'S GO.

WELL, CAPTAIN TOLVAN.
WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO REPORT?
A SMALL RAID, ADMIRAL OZZEL.
POSSIBLY REBELS.
IT'S A GOOD SIGN. REBEL ACTIVITIES TO DISRUPT OUR OPERATIONS HERE MAY IMPLY THERE'S SOMETHING THEY LEFT BEHIND WHEN CLEANING THEIR BASE.
SO, ALL THIS EFFORT PICKING OVER A DESERTED TEMPLE MAY NOT HAVE BEEN A COMPLETE WASTE OF MY TIME.
I SUSPECT YOUR ACTUALLY FINDING SOMETHING WOULD BE A SORE DISAPPOINTMENT TO THE DEAR DEPARTED GENERAL TAGGE...
WE ALL KNOW THAT AFTER THE MESS YOU MADE WITH SECURITY ON EADU THIS WAS MEANT TO BE A PUNISHMENT DUTY.
ANY DETAILS ON THE REBELS?
PRELIMINARY DATA.
NOTHING WORTH SHARING.

YOU WERE ONCE CONSIDERED A CANDIDATE FOR GREATNESS, TOLVAN.
AND YOU SHOULD BE THANKFUL TAGGE WAS YOUR COMMANDER RATHER THAN LORD VADER.
VADER IS...LESS FORGIVING OF FAILURE.

I KNOW YOU ARE TRYING YOUR HARDEST.
BUT THAT MAY NO LONGER BE GOOD ENOUGH, TOLVAN.

ARE WE READY?
YES, CAPTAIN.

WE LAUNCH.

AND DROP OUT OF HYPERSPACE IN THREE, TWO, AND...
OH.
IS IT EVERYTHING YOU WERE HOPING FOR?
I...I DON'T KNOW. I ONLY REALIZE NOW, WHAT I REALLY WANTED.
JUST ONE THING.

FOR IT TO BE REAL.
WELL, DAD...

...THIS IS ABOUT AS REAL AS IT GETS.

DOCTOR APHRA

NEXT ISSUE:

A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away is a lot easier to get to than you think – and we want to hear from you! Write us at StarWars@Marvel.com if you want to make it onto a future letters page. Don't forget to mark the letter "OK TO PRINT."